

stranger to the blood of her blood, to the heart of her heart!"

"And all the years after!" said the old man. "The lonesome years and years among strangers, with no sight of the child that was growing up, with no heart to pour the story of her sorrow into the ear of any living creature—not even into mine! 'Better,' I said to her, when she could speak to me no more, and when her face was turned away again on the pillow; 'a thousand times better, my child, if you had told the Secret!' 'Could I tell it,' she said, 'to the master who trusted me? Could I tell it afterwards to the child, whose very birth was a reproach to me? Could she listen to the story of her mother's shame, told by her mother's lips? How will she listen to it now, Uncle Joseph, when she hears it from you? Remember the life she has led, and the high place she has held in the world. How can she forgive me? How can she ever look at me in kindness again!'"

"You never left her," cried Rosamond, interposing before he could say more; "surely, surely, you never left her with that thought in her heart!"

Uncle Joseph's head drooped on his breast. "What words of mine could change it?" he asked, sadly.

"Oh, Lenny, do you hear that! I must leave you, and leave the baby. I must go to her, or those last words about me will break my heart." The passionate tears burst from her eyes as she spoke; and she rose hastily from her seat, with the child in her arms.

"Not to-night," said Uncle Joseph. "She said to me at parting, 'I can bear no more to-night; give me till the morning to get as strong as I can.'"

"Oh, go back then yourself!" cried Rosamond. "Go, for God's sake, without wasting another moment, and make her think of me as she ought! Tell her how I listened to you, with my own child sleeping on my bosom all the time—tell her—oh, no, no! words are too cold for it!—Come here, come close, Uncle Joseph (I shall always call you so now); come close to me and kiss my child—her grandchild!—Kiss him on this cheek because it has lain nearest to my heart. And now, go back, kind and dear old man—go back to her bedside, and say nothing but that I sent that kiss to her!"

THE NERVES.

Few expressions are used more vaguely in general conversation than the term Nervous. By a nervous person we understand, not a person in whom the nervous system is strong and healthy, but the reverse;—that his nerves are subject to excitement or irritability. When this condition renders the patient timid—as when it will induce a lady to sit near the door of a church, and endure the discomforts of an uncushioned seat and a cold draft at the back of her neck for fear

a gallery should tumble down or an alarm of fire be given—it arises from a weakness of the whole bodily frame; although that weakness may not perhaps develop itself in any other way. Another form of nervousness is produced by any one particular nerve becoming acutely sensitive, as the nerve of the eye or the ear. This increase of sensibility may vary in degree from the instructed power of a seaman's eye, or a musician's ear, to an intolerance of light or of sound which amounts to disease.

The first thing to observe in the nervous system of man, is the absolute identity of its arrangements in every individual. Utterly unlike the blood-vessels—of which we may sometimes find an artery wanting, and the blood conveyed to the part by neighbouring branches without any impairment of function—we never find a nerve in one person which is wanting in another. If even the most minute branch be deficient, owing to injury or disease, the loss is irreparable. No other nerve or nerves can supply its place. For, though in outward seeming they are all alike, each delicate fibril has its own appointed task to perform, which no other can perform for it. The source of the various powers which the nerves possess, resides in the different parts of the brain and in that prolongation of it down the back called the spinal cord. By tracing up the fibre of a nerve to its origin, we can discover what office it has to perform.

Let us take the nerves of the hand and arm. All the little tendrils which are distributed to the skin and muscles of the limb, gradually meet together, forming larger and larger trunks, until they enter the canal in the centre of the spine. Then we find that each bundle of nerves is divided into two, to join two distinct parts of the spinal cord. In other words, by tracing them up to their origin, we find that the spinal nerves arise out of two roots called, from their position, the anterior and posterior roots, and experiment teaches us that these two roots and the nerves continued from them, have quite distinct properties. The anterior roots have no feeling; they may be pricked, cut, or torn without giving pain; but they excite movement in the muscles to which they are distributed. The posterior roots, on the contrary, are sensitive; but have no power of exciting movement. All the nerves which come from the spine—thirty-one on each side—are formed in this manner. So that those movements of the body which are involuntary are produced in the following manner—the extremities of the sensitive nerves, being irritated by some external stimulus, convey the sensation to the spinal cord and motor nerves to the brain, producing corresponding movements in the muscles,—this is called reflex action.

The roots of the nerves are protected from injury by their situation in the canal formed

alone those two from the house of Porthgenna drive away. Not a word says the mistress till they have got to the journey's end for the first day, and are stopping at their inn among strangers for the night. Then at last she speaks out, 'Put you on, Sarah, the good linen and the good gown to-morrow,' she says, 'but keep the common bonnet and the common shawl, till we get into the carriage again. I shall put on the coarse linen and the coarse gown, and keep the good bonnet and shawl. We shall pass so the people at the inn, on our way to the carriage, without very much risk of surprising them by our change of gowns. When we are out on the road again, we can change bonnets and shawls in the carriage—and then, it is all done. You are the married lady, Mrs. Treverton, and I am your maid who waits on you, Sarah Leeson.' At that, the glimmering on Sarah's mind breaks in at last: she shakes with the fright it gives her, and all she can say is, 'Oh, mistress! for the love of Heaven, what is it you mean to do?' 'I mean,' the mistress answers, 'to save you, my faithful servant, from disgrace and ruin; to prevent every penny that the captain has got from going to that rascal-monster, his brother, who slandered me; and, last and most, I mean to keep my husband from going away to sea again, by making him love me as he has never loved me yet. Must I say more, you poor, afflicted, frightened creature—or is it enough so?' And all that Sarah can answer, is to cry bitter tears, and to say faintly, 'No.' 'Do you doubt,' says the mistress, and grips her by the arm, and looks her close in the face with fierce eyes, 'Do you doubt which is best, to cast yourself into the world forsaken, and disgraced, and ruined, or to save yourself from shame, and make a friend of me for the rest of your life? You weak, wavering, baby-woman, if you cannot decide for yourself, I shall for you. As I will, so it shall be! To-morrow, and the day after, and the day after that, we go on and on, up to the north, where my good fool of a doctor says the air is cheerful-keen—up to the north, where nobody knows me or has heard my name. I, the maid, shall spread the report that you, the lady, are weak in your health. No strangers shall you see, but the doctor and the nurse, when the time to call them comes. Who they may be, I know not; but this I do know, that the one and the other will serve our purpose without the least suspicion of what it is; and that when we get back to Cornwall again, the secret between us two will to no third person have been trusted, and will remain a Dead Secret to the end of the world!' With all the strength of the strong will that is in her, at the hush of night and in a house of strangers, she speaks those words to the woman of all women the most frightened, the most afflicted, the most helpless, the most ashamed. What need to say the end? On that night Sarah first

stooped her shoulders to the burden that has weighed heavier and heavier on them with every year, for all her after-life."

"How many days did they travel towards the north?" asked Rosamond, eagerly. "Where did the journey end? In England or in Scotland?"

"In England," answered Uncle Joseph. "But the name of the place escapes my foreign tongue. It was a little town by the side of the sea—the great sea that washes between my country and yours. There they stopped, and there they waited till the time came to send for the doctor and the nurse. And as Mistress Treverton had said it should be, so, from the first to the last, it was. The doctor and the nurse, and the people of the house were all strangers; and to this day, if they still live, they believe that Sarah was the sea-captain's wife, and that Mistress Treverton was the maid who waited on her. Not till they were far back on their way home with the child, did the two change gowns again, and return each to her proper place. The first friend at Porthgenna that the mistress sends for to show the child to, when she gets back, is the other doctor who lives there. 'Did you think what was the matter with me, when you sent me away to change the air?' she says, and laughs. And the doctor, he laughs too, and says, 'Yes, surely! but I was too cunning to say what I thought in those early days, because, at such times, there is always fear of a mistake. And you found the fine dry air so good for you that you stopped?' he says. 'Well, that was right! right for yourself and right also for the child.' And the doctor laughs again and the mistress with him, and Sarah who stands by and hears them, feels as if her heart would burst within her, with the horror, and the misery, and the shame of that deceit. When the doctor's back is turned, she goes down on her knees, and begs and prays with all her soul that the mistress will repent, and send her away with her child, to be heard of at Porthgenna no more. The mistress, with that tyrant-will of hers, has but four words of answer to give:—'It is too late!' Five weeks after, the sea-captain comes back, and the 'Too late' is a truth that no repentance can ever alter more. The mistress's cunning hand that has guided the deceit from the first, guides it always to the last—guides it so that the captain, for the love of her and of the child, goes back to the sea no more—guides it till the time when she lays her down on the bed to die, and leaves all the burden of the secret, and all the guilt of the confession, to Sarah—to Sarah who, under the tyranny of that tyrant-will, has lived in the house, for five long years, a stranger to her own child!"

"Five years!" murmured Rosamond, raising the baby gently in her arms, till his face touched hers. "Oh me! five long years a

the bones of the spine, through distinct sin which the nerves severally emerge between thick layers of muscle. Yet they are frequently injured by accident and disease. A broken back causes complete paralysis of all the parts whose nerves arise from the seat of injury. But it is not unusual for disease of the spine to paralyse a set of roots, while the other retains its power. The consequences are sometimes singular. A French soldier one day took his hand from a frying-pan when it was nearly hot, and never felt that it was burning him. In this case the posterior roots were paralysed. In a man's legs are affected in this way, he will be able to walk only while he sees his legs, and direct their movements by his sight.

Let his attention be diverted for a moment and he falls down.

These spinal nerves have, on their sensitive end, a small swelling called a ganglion; the fifth nerve which arises from the brain has also two roots, on one of which is a ganglion, being in every respect similar to spinal nerves. These together form a nervous system, which is essential to all animals who have to seek their food. It supplies the arms and legs for moving, in the act of, and grasping the food, and the hand, and tongue, and other organs which are exercised in swallowing. So complete is this system in itself that the nerve of the eye, instead of being a special nerve like the nerve of the eye or ear, is a branch of the fifth nerve; taste being absolutely essential to the selection of food. Sight, smelling, and hearing are additions to this system in higher animals, and have their special nerves.

The sympathetic system consists of a number of ganglions placed among the abdominal organs, and on either side of the back bone, with tendrils connecting them to each other, and to the spinal nerves; giving branches to all neighbouring parts, especially to the vital organs. The arrangement of these ganglions may be compared to a row of strawberry roots on each side of the spine, with connecting tendrils; only the ganglions are not roots. The system has no origin; it spreads over all the body; but its centre is in the pit of the stomach, where a blow is more immediately fatal than on the head. Boxers know well enough the blow to the most effectually doubles up their opponent.

Wonderful are the offices which the sympathetic system fulfils in the animal economy. By the vitality which it supplies, all the processes are carried on by the various organs which no chemist in his laboratory could rival. The stomach selects the nutritive parts of the food, and rejects the unprofitable. The food is converted into blood; the liver and kidneys eliminate noxious particles, and that wonder of wonders, nutrition of the whole body, takes place; the same material

being formed at one spot into bone, at another into muscle and nail—into all the various parts of the body, each in its place.

The connections of the sympathetic with the spinal nerves and the fifth account for the pain felt in remote parts when the cause is in the internal organs. Tic, which is an affection of the fifth nerve, is almost always so caused, and is never relieved by cutting the nerve, because the pain of an injured nerve, wherever the seat of injury may be, is always referred to its extremities. A man after his leg has been cut off will feel perfectly his knee, ankle, and toes; and he will sometimes use his hands to lift his lost knee over the one he has left.

The nerves of the special senses come from the brain. There is a distinct nerve on each side for the senses of smelling, seeing, and hearing. The nerve of taste, as I have mentioned, is a branch of the fifth, as it would seem to render that system quite complete. Their peculiarities are indicated by their names. They are quite insensible to pain. Irritate the optic nerve, and the consequence is a flash of light. The sensitiveness of the eye is given by branches of the fifth, and its movements are regulated by three nerves from the brain which are exclusively distributed to the muscles of the eye. Altogether no less than six nerves are supplied to this important organ. The optic nerve, being the only nerve of sight, makes us uncommonly sceptical when the mesmerists talk about reading with the pit of the stomach. Sympathy will do a great deal and convey pain to any part, but there are no connections between the sympathetic and optic nerves. Here again we may remark the peculiar sensibility of each part. Your may pass your finger over the eye-ball with little or no inconvenience; but a grain of dust will excite a copious flow of tears to wash it away. There is no such thing as common sensibility. The sensibility of the skin is one thing, that of the eye another, that of the stomach another. The cause of this difference we know not: the reason of it is obvious, and its perfection is a beautiful proof of that wisdom which has fitted man so well for his situation in the world. By it we are defended, as by impregnable armour, from the thousand external objects which would otherwise assail us. Let the fifth nerve be paralysed—the eye will see well enough by means of the optic nerve, but it will no longer feel the particles of dust upon its surface. They will collect, will inflame, and will ultimately destroy the eye. But supposing our knee or ankle joints were sensitive to the same degree, we should be unable to bear the mere weight of the body, far less to walk. Yet were they not sensible at all, we should want a guide to the amount of pressure and of exertion they can bear with impunity. If the skin of the hand were not sensitive, we should take hold of red hot irons like the poor soldier, and burn our-

selves. But, were the membranes which cover the internal organs as sensitive as the skin, every vital function would be attended with pain. Existence would be agony.

I have now briefly described three sorts of nerves: first, the spinal nerves and the fifth from the brain, which form a system sufficient to supply all the voluntary movements of an animal that has to seek and grasp its food; the system being rendered complete by the singular fact of the fifth nerve giving off one branch endowed with a special sense—taste. Second, when the food is caught and swallowed, another system, the sympathetic, presides over the offices of digestion and nutrition. Third, superadded to these are the nerves of the special senses—sight, hearing, and smelling; a distinct nerve or rather pair of nerves for each.

There is yet another class, perhaps the most interesting of all, called respiratory nerves, four in number, which arise from a very circumscribed part of the brain where it is prolonged into the spinal cord; have very extensive ramifications; and whose office it is to regulate and combine all the parts which are concerned in the act of breathing. Breathing is not merely the expansion and contraction of the chest. In simple drawing in of the breath, the nostril must be distended, the tubes leading to the lung must be kept firmly open by muscular power; the heart must at the right moment contract, and send the blood into the lung to be purified. Numerous muscles are employed in this process. When breathing is difficult, additional muscles are put in exercise. The patient takes hold of something that, by fixing the arms, the muscles which go from the arm to the chest may raise the ribs, and all the muscles of the body give their aid. The harmonious action of all these parts is secured by their nervous energy being derived from the same source. One of these nerves emerges from the skull just in front of the ear, and regulates the movements of all the muscles of the face and eyelids (these parts derive sensibility from the fifth). Another goes to the muscle of the eye. The other two supply the heart and lungs, and all the parts connected with their functions.

The first action of a new-born child and the last of the dying man is to breathe; and, during the passage from the cradle to the grave, every movement of the body affects the respiratory organs, and every emotion of the mind is outwardly expressed by their agency. It is no poetic fiction which describes the bounding heart of woe, or the sinking heart of sorrow. All passions of the mind exert an influence more or less powerful on the heart and on the breathing, and the muscles of the face, being supplied by a respiratory nerve, sympathise with their condition; and the quivering lip and the spasmodic twitch of the throat reveal the agony which pride strives in vain to conceal. No

anatomy could depict all the change in an animated countenance. But we may think, draw one broad distinction between those mental emotions which have an exciting and those which have a depressing influence on the heart's action. Laughter is, perhaps, the best instance of pure healthy excitement. The muscles round the mouth relax, and involuntary muscles expand it into a smile; the man draws a full breath, and sends it forth with jerks, and so agitated are the muscles of his sides and throat, that he is incapable of voluntary action, and holds his sides steady then.

In weeping the mouth is drawn down, not from the relaxation of the circular muscle as in laughter, but by the contraction of the antagonistic muscles, particularly one which draws down the angle of the mouth; inspiration is slow and jerky, expiration slow, because the flow of blood to the lung is languid. All other muscles are affected spasmodically by mental emotions, as pain, rage, fear, &c. Our knowledge will not enable us to explain why one muscle more than another shows the exponent of a certain passion. Yet, so is the sympathy between the heart and mind, that long-continued grief has been known by its depressing influence to weaken the heart so much that its walls have yielded to the pressure of the blood, and the subject has died not only figuratively but literally of a broken heart.

I will here quote a few lines from Charles Bell:—

Let us contemplate the appearance of terror. Can readily conceive why a man stands with eyes tentatively fixed on the object of his fears, the eye elevated to the utmost, and the eye largely uncovered, or why, with hesitating and bewildered steps, his arms are rapidly and wildly in search of something. Observe him further: there is a spasm on his breast, he cannot breathe freely, the chest is elevated, the muscles of his neck and shoulders are in action, his breath is short and rapid, there is a gasping and convulsive motion of his lips, a tremor on his hollow cheeks, a gulping and catching of his throat; and does his heart knock at his ribs, while yet there is no force of circulation? for his lips and cheeks are ashy pale.

So in grief, if we attend to the same class of phenomena, we shall be able to draw an exact picture. Let us imagine to ourselves the overwhelming influence of grief on woman. The object in her mind has absorbed all the powers of her frame, the body is more regarded, the spirits have left it, it reclines the limbs gravitate; they are nerveless and relaxed, and she scarcely breathes; but why comes at intervals the long-drawn sigh? why are the neck and throat convulsed? what causes the swelling and quivering of the lips, and the deadly paleness of the face? why is the hand so pale and earthily cold? and at intervals, as the agony returns, does the constriction spread over the frame like a paroxysm of sensation?

The answer to the questions in the above quotation is, that the heart and lungs suffer

the mind. These bodily expressions are, the feelings and passions, what language is thought, and their utterance is universally understood. The actor and the painter must be correct in the anatomy and physiology of the passions they would delineate, or they will fail in enlisting the sympathy of the spectator. I have read that Mrs. Siddons was perfect when she played Queen Katharine in the scene where the solemn music is played, which she terms her knell. The crowded crowd in the theatre did not know they were hushed to sympathetic silence. It was the truth of her voiceless language that awakened the same feeling in their hearts. I consider that in these cases we are the subjects of an involuntary imitation, in the same way as one yawning will set a room full of people yawning too; and that, as the passion gives rise to the outward sign, so the sign or expression will awaken, to a certain degree, the feeling in the mind. Burke says, "I have often observed that, on mimicking looks and gestures of angry, or placid, or staid, or daring men, I have involuntarily found my mind turned to the passions whose appearance I endeavoured to imitate." If this theory be correct, it will fully explain why an error in the painting, or a wrong gesture in the actor, mars his effect. Sympathy must be perfect. A more important question suggested by it is, can we by controlling the outward sign of passion to a great degree master the passion itself?

For, over these actions of the body the mind has control, though unequal and imperfect. A suffering man may restrain the movement of his body, but he cannot preserve the colour of his cheek, or the natural tone of his voice. A villain may habitually sneer at all his passions, but his pallid features will betray him.

There yet remains one nerve of the respiratory group to describe. It is given, exclusively, to one muscle of the eye, whose office is to turn the eye upwards. This is its only use, and to it, perhaps, we must attribute the upward direction which has been given to all religious aspirations. The negro savage and the enlightened Christian both look upward when they address the Deity; whose abode in the highest heaven they would thus seem to reach. The action is involuntary, the muscle acting perfectly independent of the will; so that when the mind is absorbed in meditation and the opposing voluntary muscles are relaxed, the eye is turned up by its agency. The expression of devotion in its highest degree, and of rapture; the eye always assuming this expression when the voluntary muscles fail. It is an old idea, originated, I believe, by a Latin author, that the dying man is looking homewards, when the eye is directed. It sometimes gives an expression of suffering; but it only indicates the

loss of consciousness to external impressions.

On the integrity of the nervous system, in connection with the brain, depends essentially our life. Nervous energy and life are identical. The brain is composed of many parts, exquisitely delicate in structure, the minutest part of which is essential. From it all the nerves—except the sympathetic nerves—derive their various endowments, and therefore we must ascribe to the different parts of the brain, different powers. But to those divisions, according to which phrenologists map out the skull into minute functions, anatomy gives no countenance; more especially as the projections on the skull do not always correspond with the form of the brain itself.

FAMILY NAMES.

WHEN Walter Scott was looking for an estate, he was somewhat staggered with the unsavoury appellation of the little domain upon the Tweed which he afterwards immortalised by his residence and death. Its previous designation was Clarty Hole. Yet who knows, if he had boldly faced the whips and scorns which fools and fine folk would have applied to that descriptive epithet, that reverence and regard might not in time have made Clarty Hole weigh as well, and fill the mouth as well, and raise a spirit as well, as the more euphonious Abbotsford? For it is an association which gives all their music, and all their poetry, and all their proud significance to territorial and family names as to other things. Coward and Howard are nearly identical in sound. If Howard had been the expression for a craven, and Coward had been the surname of the Norfolk dukedom, Pope's lines might have remained, with a very slight alteration:—

What can enoble fools, or sots, or Howards?
Not all the noble blood of all the Cowards!

Make Hamilton, Bamilton; make Douglas, Puglas; make Percy, Bercy; and Stanley, Tanley, and where would be the long-resounding march and energy divine of the roll-call of the peerage? Why, exactly where they are now; the dark Puglas and the Hotspur Bercy would be the heroes of Chevy Chase; the princely Bamilton would head the nobility of Scotland, and the noble Tanley would be the fierce Rupert of debate. Since this is the case, why should one of the quiet patronymics—the Snookses, Timses, Tubbses—re-pine? The time may come when a conqueror of India, of our race and family, will make the title of Tubbs as grand in men's ears as Wellington. People may say, when they talk, three hundred years hence, of the degenerate descendant of the valiant marshal who reduced the rebellious province of France, and took the Emperor of Russia prisoner,—“We expected better things from the house

of Tims."—Therefore we beseech all persons to use their diligence to make the names they actually hold respectable, and not to descend to the meaner American system commemorated in a previous number of this work (Number three hundred and forty-eight), and exchange their honest but undignified patronymics for others of a more imposing sound; this is one way of filching a good name not a bit more honourable than the method reprobated by Iago. Let Smiths be Smiths, and Whites be Whites, and Browns be Browns, and neither Smythes, nor Whyttes, nor Brownes. We see symptoms of a snobbish desertion of their past identities by many of the aspiring Benedicts of the present day in the assumption, utterly uncalled for by any accession of fortune or estate, of the wife's name in addition to, if not in place of his own. A month or two after Wilkins's marriage to Miss Hadowfield, we receive a note from our old friend signed Wilkins Hadowfield,—or Hadowfield Wilkins. This is paltry. Better go the whole American at once, and change Wilkins into Plantagenet. It might be worth the while for such an improvement as that, to forego all your previous existence,—your youthful Wilkinship, your Wilkins manhood; but for Hadowfield!—where is the gain? That rose smelt as sweetly before the change as after it.

If an office for the legal acquisition of new designation existed in this country, as it does across the Atlantic, we ought to improve upon our model by regulating the price of the commodity by its worth and quality. Are we to pay the same for permission to dub ourselves Smithson as De Mowbray? It should be a question in the Rule of Three:—if Buttons is worth two shillings, what will be the value of De Vere? It would then be some index to a man's pecuniary circumstances as well as to his taste in nomenclature. And that would be some advantage, especially if the name were found on the back of a bill. There is another paltry and contemptible way of shaking off our baptismal and family obligations. A man vainly flatters himself that he increases his personal respectability by merely changing a letter. It does not seem much, but the animus is the same. The man who transforms Binks into Banks would be wiser, but not a whit more respectable, if he changed it into Montgomery. We might be inclined to pardon a William Pott for altering the o so as to be William Pitt; but the want of self-respect is as much shown in this as in greater alterations. Let those people rather go to some region where their names are established as first-rate commodities already; for there are districts in England, if we only found them out, where appellations apparently ludicrous and suggestive of low ideas to the uninitiated are redolent of dignity and wealth to the old accustomed neighbours. There may be Potts

in Staffordshire more honoured than all Chathams, and even Banks more trustworthy than all the British Banks. We ourselves have heard a squire of high degree sum up his butler by the chivalric name of Somer and the squire's own name was Griggs! In that neighbourhood all the Beauforts had chance against the monosyllable. A list of the sheriffs of any year, a catalogue of grand jury, a glance into any local history will show the strangest names combined with their own district with rank and influence. A late author makes one of the characters in a drama, of which the great republican orator was one of the heroes, say:—"There is a sound of thunder in the name of Pym." And so there is, where the Pymys hold vast estates and have inherited halls and manors for two or three hundred years. There let us do justice to the persistent dignity of the bearers of all curious or cacophonous even laughable appellations, who have the manliness to retain them in spite of jeers and insults of an unthinking world. And the number of those nominal martyrs more real than half the sufferers on the martyr-hagiology—is still immensely large. Even in America, where the change of name is recognised by law, and not much objected to by public opinion, there are many thousands who have stood fast to their original colour—and fortunately an American enquirer curious in this matter, comes to the rescue of his countrymen, and proves from the enormous number of instances he gives, of proper names, falsely so called, which are suggestive of ridicule or amazement, that the great bulk of the people is still uncontaminated by the first infirmity of feeble minds; but with the peerage of all nations before them they adhere to their natal appellations, unmindful of Courtrays, and Montmorencies, and Esthazies, and Medina Celis. Mr. N. I. Bodditch (query why doesn't he give his name in full instead of initials?) has compiled a small volume of what may be called the curiosities of nomenclature, and has rendered it as interesting to the Britisher as to the Yankee, by extending his research into the name-registers of the Anglo-Saxons. His chief sources indeed for the English and Scotch portions are the long lists of the original subscribers to Pope's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, to Thomson's *Seasons* and the *Macklin Bible*; but the principal value of his excellent and quaintly humorous little book is the examples he gives us from his own fellow citizens in Boston, and other portions of his state. The first indication we come to of the standing of the author shows that his professional opportunities must have greatly facilitated his work. It seems a lawyer in some official situation, for in a paragraph about the astounding length of some of his countrymen's names, we come to the following anecdote:—A married lady of this city (Mrs. J.) was in eighteen hundred